The cat seems glad to see me again so soon. Adam named him Toby because he has an extra toe on each front foot. Some haven't enough, others too many.

Today I couldn't wait for them to go inside, so I braced myself and headed out the door. Serge and the manager were on the steps. I caught some theatrical business between them, emanating (of course) from Serge. I heard his stage-whispered "Look! It's him." I watched them out of the corner of my eye as I locked the door. I heard Serge's phony "Hi Norman, how are yuh?" behind me.

WELCOME TO SEMI-DOSHEL THIS WAY TO YOUR MODELS SUITE

I was on my way to the bank. I had just passed the House, face averted from the big bay window where the office was. The blinds were drawn. It was like the fish tank of someone who didn't want his fish to be seen. That probably meant Caspar was on duty. The manager went inside.

*

I saw Deloris standing in front of the House. She hadn't been around much since Mack went to the Care Home down the street. She occasionally came to the porch, at least if Adam or the manager was standing there, to tell us how he was doing. He hadn't changed. Before the Care Home he'd been in the hospital. He had difficulty breathing, but he still